

THE
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AND
SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

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NOTE.—We continue in this number of the MAGAZINE the Annual Report, showing the work of the Society for the past year on the Home field.

DOMESTIC OPERATIONS.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—REV. J. ROWELL, *Chaplain*.

Notwithstanding very much to encourage him, the debt which has remained upon the Bethel since its dedication, a year ago, has somewhat paralyzed the Chaplain's efforts. It is to be hoped that this incubus will soon be lifted, and Chaplain and church set at liberty to do the great work before them, in that crowded mighty centre of commercial influence.

In his TENTH ANNUAL REPORT Mr. Rowell says :

“No branch of our work has prospered more than our Marine Temperance Society. It has been in operation a little more than a year, and has now nearly eight hundred names upon its roll. Of course, not all of these have kept their pledge, but a very large number have done so, and have been saved by it from thorough ruin.

A distinguished feature of this society is its open alliance with religion. Two prime facts are constantly set forth, viz : that they need God's help who mean to keep their pledge, and that temperance is only one step in the upward course which every sailor ought to follow till it finds its climax in faith in Christ and personal salvation. It is largely owing to this high position that our Society grows steadily in numbers and influence, and has no need of flashy devices and unnatural stimulants to keep up a show of life and power. Our business is not play, but earnest work for living wages. We see every day the good effect of pressing these truths upon even those far gone in the debasing habit of

drunkenness. They are not merely loud professions, but are most happily carried out in practice. 'Sir,' said a drunken sailor, as he rolled up to me in the church at the close of the Sabbath worship, 'sir, I want to take an oath against whisky.' 'Very well, come into this room, and I will let you sign the pledge.' 'But I want something stronger than that; you don't know how bad I am.' I assured him that if he would pray to God for help, the pledge would prove strong enough to hold him. 'Then I will do it,' said he, 'for I'm so far gone that nothing else will save me.' The next time I saw him was in our prayer-meeting, earnestly listening to the words of life. Soon he was in deep distress through conviction of sin, and then he was rejoicing in a most happy hope in Christ. His name is on our church roll now, and he is a faithful christian man.

Nor are cases like this rare with us; but we often hear this clear testimony from the lips of converts: 'My first step in religious life was signing the temperance pledge. Having done this, I felt that I needed something more, and must go on, and now I am happy in Jesus.'

Already, too, the influence of this Society is felt around the globe. The members are urged to be bold defenders of their cause, both for their own security and for the sake of convincing others. Letters often come from foreign ports giving cheering facts regarding this. A letter from one in Sweden tells of the delightful wonder of his family, at finding that he had really left off drinking. And others tell of great moral victories gained on fields of former shameful defeats, as well as of happy freedom from the jaws of familiar land-sharks, and of moral power exerted on ship and shore.

In the meetings of our Society we hear very little of mere speech-making, but a great deal of direct, earnest talk, out of the experience of the reformed. Spinning yarns full of moving facts, and signing the pledge, are our order of exercises. Sometimes a man, too drunk to sign his name, will stagger up to make his mark in the roll book, and make a mandlin, yet manifestly honest speech about the evils rum has made him suffer; and in such a case we are pretty sure to hear another speech from a sober man, a week later, telling of his joy that he has signed the pledge. I should be glad to reproduce some of these speeches here, but am quite unable to do them justice. Said one, whose bright, though battered face, looks as if it had fought all the gales of the ocean for thirty years: 'I might talk a year, and then hardly begin to tell all the mischief rum has done me. I sent the best wife in the world broken-hearted to the grave. I know the quality of the meanest liquors of every country in the world. I was always full of fight when drunk, and I can describe from personal knowledge the inside of the prison of any sea port you can name.' And now, to show what a change, first temperance, and then religion, can make in one so thoroughly brutalized, as this man was, I have only to add, that, though of a naturally violent temper, he now finds no difficulty in getting along with any kind of officers or ship-mates, good or bad; is steadily rising in position, and never sails in a ship but that he is wanted to sail in it again.

Several instances have come to our ears in which the display of one of our certificates of membership has gained for the possessor what every sailor craves, a good billet on shore. So many of our coasting sailors have joined the society that sometimes the officers of lumber vessels find to their amazement, that not a man of their crew will touch their offered grog; and even bar-rooms are scenes of earnest discussions, in which the advocates of temperance are sure to have the best of the argument.

* * * * * The character of our field requires an unlimited amount of canvassing of ships, streets, and places of public resort, in search of those whom we may persuade to attend our meetings. In these we distribute cards, having on one side a handsome cut of the church, and on

the other a directory of our meetings. We print the same also, on the blank side of one paged tracts, thus securing a double good in their distribution. We often put these into the hands of men bound to distant ports, to be put in the hands of seamen bound to this port. Then, in due time, men come to us from Liverpool, China, or Australia, having already accepted invitations to our meetings. In this way some anxious sinners have been led to seek us out for counsel. We cast our bread upon the waters, and find it after many days.

Some of our members take their stand on street corners, and 'compel to come in' all they can, and very often with the very best results. Said a weeping sinner in one of our meetings; 'I was invited to come here to-night, but I refused the invitation. But about the time for the meeting, I found myself near the church; something told me to go in, but I would not. I went on, one block past, and the voice stopped me, saying 'go back, go back;' but I would not obey. I started on another block, but could get no further. I had to come back, and here I am—a poor lost sinner.' Then taking two dollars from his pocket, he came forward and laid it on the table, saying: 'Here is some money I put in my pocket, meaning to spend it in some place of sin to-night. This shall go for the church, anyhow.'

Another case was that of a young man, piously trained in Scotland, who had early denied the God of his fathers and sunk into open infidelity. At one time he had a shipmate who was anxiously seeking salvation. He deliberately set himself to drive away this man's seriousness by argument, ridicule, and open abuse, and soon had the devilish satisfaction of attaining entire success. But soon after this the young man was suddenly struck dead before his eyes. From that moment remorse seized on his soul and held him like a vice. Year after year he wandered from port to port, seeking rest and finding none. At length God sent him thither, and, while wandering without a purpose, one Sabbath evening he received an invitation to our church, but gave little heed to it. Without really intending it he found himself near the place, and, as the sound of the bell fell on his ear, he suddenly thought, 'Why may I not find here the rest I have been so long seeking? I will go in and see.' He went in and found a perfect Saviour there.

I will only add, while upon this topic, that we now find among seamen an unprecedented readiness to accept our invitations to come in with us. God's Spirit seems to be very generally at work upon the minds of these men.

Many Christian people have the idea that such wicked men, as most sailors are, must be among the 'scarcely saved' if saved at all; and if they get to Heaven at all, must occupy some such place as the 'negro pew' in some so-called Christian churches. I would like such Christians to see and talk with some of these converted seamen, and learn from them some lessons of vital piety. These are so clearly and delightfully saved, that they never think of doubting their acceptance with God, or waiting to get stronger before they go to work for Christ and souls. Some of these men grow in grace very fast. There is Charles Wayman, in yonder Marine Hospital, living in daily expectation of death from aneurism of the heart, and living every moment near to God. So long as he lives, and is able to crawl from ward to ward, I am sure of having hearers at my Sabbath services there. It is but a few months since a few of us carried there the emblems of our Lord's death; and received him into covenant relations with our church, and now he is far in advance of some of us, in faith and love, and vital knowledge of God. The ripest Christians may listen to him with profit. Hearing that a brother in Christ, who is severely afflicted, sometimes gives way to doubt and murmuring, he cried out: 'O, that will never do at all; that is depriv-

ing himself of the very strength and comfort that he needs. With all my constant anguish, were I to let go of Jesus, I should sink into utter despair. Day and night, sleeping or waking, I am clinging to him, and He never leaves me for a moment. I am resting upon Him all the time, and He holds me up. If He did not help me, with all my pains on me, I should be the most miserable wretch alive, but now I am always rejoicing in Him. My body is full of pain, and my mind is weak, but my soul is full of joy all the time, because I rest every moment upon Jesus.'

Now, there is many a Christian of long standing who has not yet learned how to bear pain with patience, or to 'rest on Jesus every moment' as this converted seaman does. And though I have been a learner in this school for many years, I find that I can learn much from the fresh and vivid experience of some of these new born sons of God, whose home is upon the seas.

As to results of our work, some can be reckoned and some are unknown to us as yet. By and by we shall find them. During the year, sixteen new members have been added to the church—a little less than the average number added yearly since the church was formed. All but two of these were admitted on profession of their faith in Christ. This number does not include all the conversions on our field; for some of these have joined other churches, some have sailed from us soon after gaining a hope in Christ, and have not returned to us, and some have died in the hospital, trusting in Jesus. Many have gone to sea while under conviction for sin, and these we trust to the spirit to lead them to Christ, when far from the means of grace. In a majority of cases of awakened seamen, we are not permitted to watch over them till they find rest in Jesus, but must pray and trust God to complete his own work elsewhere. That some of these are born again we afterward learn. That others have the same happy experience, we infer from the fact that we often find on incoming ships men born at sea, who were awakened in other Bethel churches. In these 'last days' the Spirit is poured out upon the sea as well as the land.

In regard to thousands of seamen of whom we do not know that they have received saving impressions, it is surely no small benefit that they have been led to spend so much time in the house of God instead of in dens of pollution, and to save their wages and send them to needy relations, rather than to waste them and receive death in return."

NORFOLK, VA.—REV. E. N. CRANE, *Chaplain*.

The work at this port has been prosecuted with great practical wisdom from the very beginning of Mr. Crane's Chaplaincy. He has borne his toils and discouragements with patience, and has been permitted to see gratifying results. He presents a review of the last year in his *THIRD ANNUAL REPORT*.

NORFOLK, April 1, 1868.

DEAR BRETHREN,—In gathering material for my third annual report, I find much cause for thankfulness and encouragement, and some for regret. The work so auspiciously reinvigorated during the preceding year by the acquisition of a new Bethel, and the establishment of stated religious services, and the organization of a Sabbath-school, has been regularly continued, with but two or three interruptions. The attendance and interest, though, of course, varying with the seasons, and the amount of shipping in port, have been kept up to as encouraging a point

as could be expected in the unquiet condition of the country, and the unsettled state of trade. The hopes entertained in commercial circles of a large and permanent growth of shipping interests have not yet been realized, nor have I succeeded in eliciting the active co-operation in the work of seamen here, that I hoped and sought for. The latter deficiency naturally results from the former; still, it is reason for regret, that depression in worldly business, or any other cause, should lead to apathy or lukewarmness in Christian effort.

The work has, however, progressed. Our Sabbath attendance at Bethel services has varied from over half a hundred down to about enough to claim the Saviour's promise of his presence—the average being probably midway between these numbers—and almost all sailors.

Our Sabbath-school attendance will range not far from fifty scholars, about half of whom are the children of seafaring men. Our roll bears more than three times that number, but, as in all mission schools the attendance is incorrigibly fluctuating. Of late it has gradually increased and a renewed interest seems manifest. The winter has been very severe for this latitude, and much sickness has prevailed among children. We hope the opening season will again fill up our classes and give us new life and vigor.

My statistical summary for the year is as follows: Visited 1,218 vessels (many of them frequently), distributed 39,274 pages of tracts, 831 Seamen's Friend and Sailors' Magazines, 174 Bibles and Testaments, and loaned 3 ship's libraries.

I have had many pleasant, and I trust, profitable interviews with seamen on board their vessels, and have learned not to be disheartened if I do not succeed in getting as many to the Bethel in proportion to the number in port as I have been disposed to think ought to be there. Many unavoidable obstacles I observe often prevent their coming, however well-disposed or even desirous they may be to attend. Recent arrival in port, or necessary preparation to go out, duties on board ship, state of their clothing, exhaustion from a rough voyage, these, and other causes not unfrequently put it out of the power of even christian men to attend Bethel, and then a tract or paper comes in good time and is most gladly received. I feel convinced that my visitation and distribution work often does, in its department, about as much good as the Bethel ministrations, the one supplements the other and makes the work of christian labor complete. I endeavor to reach all the shipping in port weekly, and find that my Sabbath congregations depend, to a great extent, upon my accomplishing it, so that, like the primitive apostles I have to become a "fisher of men" seeking to draw them into the gospel net.

Trusting that the coming year may prove more propitious to commercial interests than the past, and hence more favorable for reaching seamen with gospel influences, and earnestly desiring more faith and zeal, and more manifest tokens of the Divine blessing upon my labors,

I remain, respectfully and fraternally yours,

E. N. CRANE, *Chaplain Am. Sea. Fr. Soc'y.*

RICHMOND, VA.—REV. F. J. BOGGS, *Chaplain.*

Owing to the depressed state of the business community about him, Mr. Boggs has been unable to free his Bethel from the debt which in his last report he hoped would be soon paid off. He has continued his labors for the year past, to the great satisfaction of the local Society, whose Secretary sends us the following official communication:

RICHMOND, April 15th, 1868.

DEAR SIRS,

We desire to submit to you a brief account of the operations and the present condition of the Seamen's Friend Society of this city. These operations are almost wholly the labors of the Chaplain at this port, Rev. F. J. Boggs, who reports, that in addition to the monthly grant from the parent Society at New York, he has obtained a grant of tracts, &c., from the American Tract Society, as well as Bibles in various languages from other sources; and that with these he has accomplished much good, finding ready access to seamen and boatmen, and unmistakable evidence of their interest in his work. He has distributed about four thousand pages monthly, and preached as often as opportunity offered, but has relied chiefly on visits to vessels and personal conversation, as he has found it almost impossible to get sailors in large numbers to attend church. He is always received with respectful attention, and not unfrequently meets with pious men amongst the seamen. His labors embrace the boatmen, mostly colored men, on our canal, as well as those "who go down to the sea in ships," and even the residents along the shore who ordinarily neglect church-going.

The commerce of our port will ere long, we trust, improve in extent, and the numbers of those who receive the word of life at the hands of our Chaplain be consequently largely increased.

The Sabbath-school connected with our Bethel is prosperous, numbering about one hundred scholars, with two hundred volumes in the library. But for the lack of teachers it would be still more useful. It meets an urgent necessity in supplying spiritual instruction to a class of children otherwise much neglected, and we pray for rich fruits from this garden of the Lord. Our Bethel has never been quite completed, and the debt incurred for its erection has not been liquidated.

In conclusion, we anticipate, when quiet shall have been restored to our distracted section, that fresh zeal will inspire all who love the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and that every religious enterprise will receive a new impetus. As it is, we wait in hope and ask the co-operation of all sincere lovers of peace, in prayers and labors for the establishment of concord between sections, and the conversion of all sea-faring men who come within our influence.

Respectfully submitted.

WM. WILLIS, JR.,

*Sec'y Board of Managers of Seamen's Friend Soc'y of Richmond.*WILMINGTON, N. C.—REV. J. N. ANDREWS, *Chaplain.*MR. G. W. WILLIAMS, *Supt. Sailors' Home.*

We have gratifying intelligence concerning the efficiency and usefulness of Chaplain Andrews' labors at this port. He has the confidence of the community, and no one could be more acceptable to that particular class for whom he is expending his untiring efforts. The Superintendent of the Home, Mr. G. W. Williams, is said to be the very man for the place. He is constantly at his post, and faithful in the discharge of his duties.

We append the Annual Report of the Seamen's Friend Society of Wilmington, N. C., for the year ending March 4th, 1868:

"During the past year the Chaplain Andrews has been unremitting in his labors for seamen. He has preached and lectured about one hundred and seventy-five times, has boarded vessels, distributed tracts, attended upon the sick and dying in the hospital, and performed such other duties as are connected with his office. The attendance upon Divine services has been encouraging, and the interest is evidently increasing. About three hundred persons—mostly sailors—have signed the pledge during the year, and the Temperance Society now numbers over five hundred names. The improvement in the morals of seamen in this port is a fact so well known, that the enemies of the cause cannot deny it.

THE HOME.

This institution was opened in October, 1853; is a large and commodious brick building, having a sick-room or hospital and Bethel attached to it; and until the late war was kept thoroughly furnished, and was self-sustaining. Having been used as a hospital by both the United States and southern armies, it came back into the hands of the Trustees divested of all its furniture and greatly damaged. Since the war, the Trustees have been able to nearly complete the necessary repairs, and replace the furniture to a great extent; but at least \$2,000 will be needed to put it in as good condition as formerly. During the sickly months of the last year, the Superintendent had frequently to place men on the floors of the dining-room and parlors for want of rooms and beds.

The Superintendent reports the number of boarders 788; sick seamen 126; shipwrecked and destitute 27. These latter were supplied at an expense of \$75. Number of deaths* 6. Two of these were buried at an expense of \$50, they not being entitled to burial by the government. The four others were buried at an expense of \$36, the government allowance of \$16 being insufficient to bury them decently. Deposited by seamen \$1,994; sent home to friends \$525; drawn out for use \$969; remaining on deposit \$500.

The importance of the seamen's cause in this port will be seen by the following well authenticated facts, viz:

Previous to the establishment of the Society's Home there were a number of low sailor boarding houses in the city, *now there is not one*. During the years 1852 and 1853 there was paid for the arrest of deserters from ships, and their jail fees \$24,000. In 1854 the amount was reduced to \$5,000, and in 1858 but \$45 were paid for these purposes. Arrests for desertion and drunkenness are now exceedingly rare."

S. D. WALLACE.

CHARLESTON, S. C.—Rev. W. B. YATES, *Chaplain*.

The work of the Chaplain at this port has been prosecuted the past year with unabated energy. Mr. Yates, as one of the oldest chaplains in the service of the Society, has great experience in addressing seamen, and is very successful in his labors among them.

His report which is appended, acknowledges the appropriations recently made by the Board in aid of the Bethel and Sailors' Home:

"The Bethel Flag has been unfurled every Sabbath to invite seamen to worship God, without distinction of name or denomination. The attendance has been uniformly good, but not as large as in former years.

* The year the war closed the mortality was 10 per cent. of the whole number in port.

The Chaplain has been very much encouraged during the winter ; a large number of seamen have called upon him for religious conversation, and several marked conversions have been the result of these interviews.

I have visited the Marine Hospital regularly, and during the last year 90 seamen have been received, and only 2 deaths. I have procured free passages to their homes in the North for 25 seamen who were unable to ship.

I have distributed 25 Bibles and 50 Testaments, and 25,000 pages of tracts.

Capt. J. McCormick of the Sailors' Home, reports that from the 1st of June 1867 to 1st of May 1868, 100 seamen have boarded at the Sailors' Home, and have deposited over \$500 for safe keeping, and a number of these have been pious men ; 3 captains have found the Home a resting place in their sickness, and one died and was buried in the Seamen's Cemetery. Capt. McCormick acknowledges with gratitude the donation of \$100 from the Seamen's Friend Society of New York, which has enabled him to furnish several rooms.

I would only add that by the timely donation of the \$250 procured by Mr. Buck, together with the subscriptions from the friends of the cause in our city, we are enabled to repair the Bethel, and by next winter we will have it thoroughly fitted for the reception of all seamen visiting our port ; and permit your chaplain to add that although he has lost most of his worldly goods, his energy in the cause of the sailors has rather increased, and he feels grateful to know that his labors have been appreciated by the Parent Society who has so generously contributed to enable him to continue his labors among the sons of the deep.

WM. B. YATES, *Chaplain.*

Charleston, S. C., May 1st, 1868."

SAVANNAH, GEO. ———

The Board was advised in November last that the Savannah Port Society would maintain Bethel services, without the aid previously afforded. No report however has been received since that time, when the Rev. Mr. Pease, who was commissioned for that work, was transferred to another field.

MOBILE, ALA.—Rev. L. H. PEASE, *Chaplain.*

Mr. Pease arrived at Mobile Nov. 24th, to find that nothing had been done there for seamen since the labors of the lamented Mc Glashan. He was very cordially received, and immediately re-opened the Bethel, which service has been well attended, and in every way successful.

His THIRD ANNUAL REPORT will be read with interest.

MOBILE, Ala., April 3rd, 1868.

Leaving successful labors in New Orleans in July 1867, on the breaking out of the yellow fever ; and returning from summer work, and vacation in the North in autumn ; and laboring two or three weeks on the way in Savannah, I reached Mobile in the early part of November. My

faithful yoke-fellow on this southern field last year, Rev. Alexander Mc Glashan, has gone to his rest, leaving me alone. Owing to the disastrous condition of political and commercial affairs, I suppose my Bethel has been the only Light House of our Society any where on these coasts, during the past season, from Charleston to Galveston. But the building has been extensively repaired, and as we have allowed a German Congregation to occupy with us, thus holding two English and two German services there on each Sabbath, we have kept its light burning with unremitting luster.

Notwithstanding the anomalous condition of political affairs and the complete stagnation of all business, the Great Hearer of prayer furnishes me nothing to report but goodness and mercy, prosperity and success. Without the least compromise or concealment of principle as a Northern Union man, encouraged by the officers of the local Port Society, and with quite as much friendliness and cooperation from the citizens as could be reasonably expected, I have been permitted to pursue my labors without the slightest opposition or hindrance from any one, except what the carnal heart furnishes every where, and thanks to God with numerous encouraging tokens of good accomplished among the sons of the ocean.

My labors have been variously divided, viz: in the Bethel; in the Mission School; in the Marine Hospital; in the daily midday union prayer meeting; among the vessels in the lower Bay; and among the vessels along the docks. I have depended more however upon personal contact as a means of usefulness than public meetings, and by far the largest share of my time has been occupied along the docks, and on the vessels, and in the sailors' boarding houses, and grog shops, conversing with the lounging and drinking, and with the laboring men as opportunity was afforded, and distributing religious reading among them. All the large vessels have been compelled to lie below as usual, but those at the docks have ordinarily each been visited or called upon about three times a week.

Fewer vessels have visited this port this season than usual, except during the war, and of late there has been quite a falling off. But with fewer seamen than usual, the people tell me that my congregations have been larger than in former years, sometimes reaching a hundred or thereabouts, and always attentive. A few citizens have attended, but they have been mostly composed of persons who would have been found in no other place of worship. In the Marine Hospital where I have held regular religious services, there have commonly been 50 or 60 seamen.

Aside from its benefits as a *prayer* meeting, I cannot doubt that it has been mutually serviceable to attend the daily midday prayer meeting, by promoting a better acquaintance, and by showing that with the most unqualified Unionism there was none but the kindest feelings towards all Southern people. This feeling they have reciprocated by calling upon me to conduct or take part in the meetings, quite as often as I have desired. I have been told that my presence was a check to the utterance of disloyal sentiments. I do not know whether it is so or not, but with frequent allusions to the condition of the country, a good spirit has prevailed, and very rarely has there been any utterance that would give offence on either side.

My Mission School is a hard field, and most of those living around my Bethel are Catholics. But there has been considerable labor and money expended on it, I hope with some good results.

The whole number of foreign and coast-wise vessels entered at the Custom House from Nov. 1st 1867 to April 1st 1868, the time of making this report, is 336; clearances, 363. The exact amount of tracts and religious reading distributed among them and along the docks, I cannot furnish, but there must be over 50,000 pages, perhaps over 60,000, and

about 150 Bibles and testaments. As a means of usefulness, these are indispensable; and had I space for it, several personal incidents might be given, illustrating the speedy return of this bread cast upon the waters.

None but the All-seeing eye can follow this scattered seed over oceans and continents, and through time and eternity. But by faith in the promise, "My word shall not return unto me void," we will labor and wait, assured that, He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless—in this world or the other—come again with rejoicing bringing his shears with him. Unto the King Eternal, immortal and invisible, be all the glory for every good result achieved, now and evermore, Amen.

L. H. PEASE.

NEW ORLEANS, LA. ———

Since Mr. McGlashan left New Orleans the Society has had no one stationed there. Rev. Mr. Pease has been requested to make such arrangements as may be necessary to resume services in the Bethel this fall. It is very much to be regretted that the local Society allowed their Sailor's Home to pass from them into private hands.

GALVESTON, TEXAS. ———

This was the last place at the South to which the lamented McGlashan gave his efforts in behalf of seamen. He succeeded in re-organizing the Port Society, and establishing a Bethel service, but about the time of his own death, the President of that Society, T. Mather, Esq. was carried off by the yellow fever, and this, with the depressed state of the business community, caused a suspension of the work so promisingly begun. Letters from Galveston disclose the fact, that while there is much to be done there, the means and the agents must come from abroad. The Ladies' Bethel Society is likewise for the time doing nothing.

Whoever is sent to New Orleans this fall, will probably be commissioned to extend his operations to Galveston.

BOSTON, MASS.—Capt. ANDREW BARTLETT, *Missionary*.

The labors of this excellent man have been continued during the past year with the happiest results. Their statistics are given in his report to the local Society, from which extracts will appear in the Magazine.

GLOUCESTER, MASS.—Rev. E. N. HARRIS, *Chaplain*.

Mr. Harris continued his labors at this port until a few months since, when, that he might give himself wholly to the Temperance work, his place was supplied by the appointment of the Rev. H. L. Calder.

NEW YORK.—REV. E. O. BATES, *Missionary and Superintendent of Library work.*

MR. J. H. GARDINER, *Missionary.*

MR. C. E. BORELLO, “

MR. PRINCE LOVERIDGE, “

Mr. Bates' sixth annual report will be read with great interest.

During the year my time has been divided between New York and Brooklyn, having charge of the library department, and an important mission work. In visiting vessels at our wharves I am received with kindness, and nearly all are anxious to receive our libraries, saying, this is what we need to encourage and instruct us in our lonely hours from home and to serve as a means of grace while at sea. On the receipt of a library they express their gratitude towards those who care for the sailor. Three hundred and one new, and two hundred and forty-five refitted libraries have been sent from this office to sea during the year on vessels in the merchant service, the crews of which number seven thousand four hundred and seventy-two persons. We are assured by letters, and verbal reports, that the books are read with interest and profit. A number have been awakened and hopefully converted through this instrumentality. The captains of some of our large vessels who have been furnished with a library on previous voyages, say, “I am unwilling to go to sea without one because of the beneficial effects produced on my crew.”

NAVY YARD.—I have spent a portion of my time in the Navy Yard. This to me is a very interesting field of labor, one where efforts to benefit our noble seamen are not only appreciated, but where I have received the cordial support of officers on vessels, and also those commanding in the Navy yard. I have supplied twenty libraries to naval vessels during the year, the officers and crews of which number two thousand one hundred and forty persons, making a total of five hundred and sixty-six libraries in merchant and naval service, the officers and crews of which number nine thousand six hundred and twelve persons. We have also distributed a large number of Magazines, Friends, and Life Boats, (which are thankfully received), together with Bibles, Testaments, and tracts, also, weekly religious papers donated by the proprietors of the “Independent,” “Observer,” “Methodist,” and “Evangelist,” all of which, as “bread cast upon the water,” will, we hope produce an abundant harvest of precious souls to Christ.

MISSION WORK.—Our new Mariners church, corner of President and Vanbrunt streets, Brooklyn, was dedicated on June 2d, 1867, since which time we have had services each Sabbath, preaching at 10½ A. M., and 7½ P. M., prayer-meetings Tuesday and Friday evenings. The labor bestowed has not been in vain, the Lord has crowned the efforts with success. sixty different persons have asked for prayers, ten of whom profess conversion; others left for different ports, with the request, “pray for me.” One, who with several others from the same ship, was awakened at our meetings, and soon left for Europe has returned. He states that after leaving port they commenced a prayer-meeting, and God heard their prayers offered from shipboard, and several were converted, he among the number. Some have attended with us who have not entered a place of worship for five or six years, and one for twenty-five years. They are frequently with us.

Rev. O. Helland continues his labors every Sabbath at 3½ p. m., in the Norwegian language. His congregation is good, as an unusual number of Norwegian vessels have visited this port during the year. At one time there were seven on which there was a good religious influence, and from which two captains, three mates, and eighteen seamen professed conversion, two backsliders also were reclaimed.

The above results were accomplished with the blessing of God, through much labor and care in connection with my brethren. The scenes at times have been impressive, when seamen have been weeping on account of their sins, or when with tears of joy they have told us of the pardoning love of Jesus. On parting with these sons of the ocean we have been deeply affected. It has seemed as if they could not leave us, or bid us good-bye. The influence of preaching has been remarkable, most of the awakenings have been under the first sermon.

The Sabbath-school is still continued at 9 a. m., and 2 p. m., and is exerting a good influence in the neighborhood. To God we render praise for the good done to so many of our seafaring friends and their families.

Yours in christian bonds,

E. O. BATES.

New York, May 1st, 1868.

MESSRS. GARDINER & BORELLO have given their time to visiting among seamen on shipboard and along the docks and in sailor boarding-houses, distributing Bibles and Tracts, and conversing with them about their souls, and persuading them to attend church. They have been industriously at work, and have had the blessing of God upon their labors.

The death of Prince Loveridge is noticed in a previous part of this report.

CHURCH OF THE SEA AND LAND.—Rev. JOHN LYLE, *Pastor*.

At the request of the Trustees of this Church, the Board continued a small appropriation toward the support of its Pastor, in consideration of his labors among seamen and their families.

Mr. Lyle has very kindly acted as the almoner of a portion of the Society's charity to the destitute widows of sailors in his vicinity.

He reports as follows :

"Your co-operation with my pastoral labors in the way of "Loan Libraries" for ships, donations of the "Life Boat" for distribution here, monetary aid to our Home Missionary efforts among seamen's families, and cash for destitute sailor's widows, warrant me presenting the accompanying returns.

At least 12,000 seamen have heard the Gospel with us on Sabbath, at our weekly Lecture. Prayer and Experience meetings and Temperance meetings,—about 250 weekly.

123 members have been added to the church, 19 of these by letter, 104 on profession of faith ; 34 of these were seamen and 23 were from your "Sailor's Home." God refreshed us with his especial presence for two months. About 700 hear the preached Gospel at both of the diets of public worship.

526 Protestant families have been reached by *spiritual excavation*. These have had no church relations, no pastors knew them, and they heard no Gospel. 286 children now attend the Sabbath school, and 31 men the Pastor's Bible class. 930 have joined our Temperance Society, 435 of these during the past year; 144 during two months of this year. Your \$160 in 8 months have aided us in relieving the families of seamen's widows. We help such to help themselves. One who obtained a Sewing Machine now gratuitously teaches other desiring ones to operate."

SAILOR'S HOME.—MR. J. H. CASSIDY, *Superintendent*.

The Society's institution, known as the Sailor's Home, 190 Cherry Street, has been continued the past year under the management of Mr. John H. Cassidy, being the sixth year of his superintendency.

The number of boarders reported at the Home since May last is 1,071. These have deposited with Mr. Cassidy \$38,279, of which sum \$21,634 have been sent to relatives and friends, and \$7,305 placed in the Savings Bank. In the same time, the Society has expended, through the Home, the sum of \$459.66, for the relief of shipwrecked and destitute seamen.

The weekly religious meetings held at the Home have been deeply interesting and profitable, and many a hardy sailor, there has found the Saviour. Twenty-seven hopeful conversions are reported in connexion with these meetings.

The value of this institution to the commercial interests of the Port of New York, is shown in the fact that during the six years of Mr. Cassidy's administration, 12,041 seamen have boarded there, a part of whom have placed in his hands for temporary safe-keeping the sum of \$249,893, of which \$103,045, have been sent to friends, and \$83,463 deposited in the Savings Bank. These vast sums, might otherwise have gone into the till of the rum-seller or been worse than wasted in the haunts of debauchery and crime.

In the same period, under the christianizing influences that have constantly pervaded the institution, one hundred and twenty-one seamen have given evidence of conversion, while boarding there. The whole number of boarders at the Home, since it was first opened,—twenty-six years ago,—is 73,068.

COLORED SAILOR'S HOME.—MR. W. P. POWELL, *Sup.*

The Colored Sailor's Home, No. 2 Dover Street, still under the judicious control of Mr. W. P. Powell, has received during the past year 465 boarders. The amount expended through the Home upon application from shipwrecked and destitute colored seamen and kindred charitable purposes has been \$925. In the same time 250

Bibles and testaments, 100 prayer-books, and a large number of Magazines, Seamen's Friend, religious books, tracts, &c., in English, French, Spanish and Portuguese, have been distributed among the boarders as they were about going to sea.

Recently three Cubans, proselytes from the Church of Rome, while boarding at this house have given evidence of a change of heart, and are gone to sea rejoicing in the God of their salvation. The Superintendent estimates that one-third of his boarders are religiously inclined; four-fifths of the whole number can read and write, and several are known as good practical navigators. There is a vessel now in port, and bound for Monrovia, that is commanded and manned by colored men.

PUBLICATIONS.

It is gratifying to be assured, as we are, that the Society's publications are approved by those who read them, and that their extending circulation is increasing the number and practical interest of the friends of the seamen's cause throughout the land.

An edition of over 5,000 copies of the Sailor's Magazine is now issued every month; and also an edition of 16,000 copies of the Life Boat, for the purpose of diffusing information and awakening an interest in our work, in Sabbath Schools. Over 24,000 copies of the Seamen's Friend have been gratuitously distributed, during the past year, by our Chaplains and Missionaries. In the use of this agency they have been able to introduce themselves into circles, where otherwise they could not have had access, and have there secured a hearing for the gospel, which many a sailor has received from them, to find that above all others Jesus is the Seaman's friend.

CONCLUSION.

A policy has lately been adopted that contemplates the more complete nationalization of the Society, and a policy which it is believed, in so far as it shall be accepted by kindred and co-operative organizations, will go to unify Christian work in behalf of seamen everywhere. Relying upon the blessing of God, the Board proposes in the coming year, by judiciously extending its agencies, to extend a knowledge of the Society's objects and operations throughout the church. Showing in this way, that it is awake to its responsibility, and is in solemn earnest in the ordained work of converting the abundance of the sea, it would in this way also, invoke the prayers and the aid of christians of every name in subjecting the world's commerce to the service of Immanuel Jesus.

A Remarkable Voyage.

In Munsell's "Annals of Albany" is the following account of the voyage of an Albany sloop to China :

In the fall of 1785, the sloop *Experiment*, eighty tons burden, Capt. Stewart Dean, was fitted out at this port for China. It was very properly considered a hazardous voyage for so small a craft. She was laden with an assorted cargo for a regular trading expedition, and was the second adventure from the United States to Canton. She left New York on the 18th of December, and was absent eighteen months. Her return trip was made in four months and twelve days, with a cargo consisting principally of teas and nankins.

Several pieces of costly damask silk were also brought to order or for family gifts. One of the heir-looms in the family of a descendent of the mate of the *Experiment*, residing in Schenectady, has a dress made of the silk referred to, in the fashion of that day. Captain Dean also brought home thirteen sets of china ware, to order, for such families as could afford and thought proper to indulge in such luxuries. These articles were so much valued that they have passed from mothers to daughters down to the present time ; and though much broken and scattered, are objects of curiosity, not only from the associations connected with this singular voyage, but as showing the form and style of china ware sixty years ago. A set which belonged to Captain Johnson, a Revolutionary veteran, whose house stood with its gable end to the street, on the corner of South Pearl and Howard streets, where the Centre Market now stands, was divided among his descendant's. One set however, has been preserved nearly complete, and is in the possession of Mrs. Abraham Ten Eyck, in Broadway. These sets, being mostly brought to order, had the initials of the owner's name gilded upon each piece.

It was matter of surprise to the natives and Europeans in those seas to see so small a vessel arrive from

a clime so remote from China, and gave them an exalted conception of the enterprise of the citizens of the United States. At some of the ports where the *Experiment* touched it is said that she was an object of alarm to the inhabitants, who mistook her for a tender to a fleet of men-of-war. She returned to New York on Sunday April 22, 1787, without the loss of a man during the voyage. On her arrival she was visited by at least two-thirds of the citizens, very few of whom had expected her return.

Capt. Dean made several voyages to China subsequently, when the famous merchant, Howqua, formed so favorable an opinion of him that he was accustomed to send over a chest of black tea occasionally for the captain, long after the latter had discontinued his voyages. Captain Dean died in New York a few years since, aged 85, at the house of Mr. Roderick Sedgwick.

The daughter of Captain Dean, Mrs. Hunt is still living and a resident of Brooklyn, where she is well known for her active co-operation with various benevolent and charitable objects.

More Robinson Crusoes.

In November last, the brig *Amherst*, from New Zealand, picked up a boat with ten men near Enderby Island, one of the Auckland group, and they prove to be probably the only survivors of fifty-six passengers and a crew of twenty seven persons, who sailed in the ship *General Grant* from Australia for London May 4th, 1866; and the vessel had not been heard from till the *Amherst* picked up these men.

It seems that the *Gen. Grant*, in passing the Auckland Islands, got into a dead calm, and on the 14th of May, in spite of every exertion, floated nearer and nearer the rocky coast, and finally settled into an immense rocky cavern and was wrecked. Two boats were swamped, but the other two got to land with a part of the provisions saved from the wreck. A cold, drizzling rain was falling, and

many of them were poorly clothed and some were without shoes; hence a fire was one of the first things to be desired. They had but one lucifer match, and the greatest care was taken to procure kindling, and to protect the precious flame when first raised; and the fire then kindled was not allowed to go out for nearly eighteen months. Two or three birds were caught, and a few limpets, which these poor ship-wrecked people heartily enjoyed. Some old huts were also discovered, which had probably sheltered other sufferers. Their destitute condition, and lack of food brought on dysentery, which caused terrible suffering. But they rallied gradually and began to adapt themselves to their new position. They caught seals enough to live on, made their skins into garments and shoes, and they also succeeded in making salt. They found rabbits on one of the islands, also some wild pigs which they contrived to catch by means of an ingenious sort of hook, and they finally became quite comfortably supplied with food.

One of their number died in Sept. last, and previously one boat with four men, including Bartholomew Brown of Newburyport, Mass., the chief officer, had left the island hoping to reach New Zealand; but they have not been heard from since. Several vessels had passed in sight without noticing their signals, and their signal fires were not seen by the *Amherst*, but the islanders put off in a boat and succeeded in reaching her. The whole story is a most remarkable one, and a fine illustration of the oft repeated adage that fact is stranger than fiction.

How to Prevent Collisions at Sea.

An experienced officer furnishes to a London newspaper some rules for the prevention of collisions at sea:

1. "As to the lights. All the lights I have ever seen are bad; they are all oil lamps. Now, oil lamps smoke, require constant and careful trimming, are very liable to go out, and

generally have to be removed from their position for trimming or relighting. The mast-head light, moreover, is generally triced up to the forestay, and in bad weather is continually going out, or being smashed by ropes knocking against it, or by the hal-yards carrying it away. The bow lights (so called) are sometimes carried well abaft the beam.

"The lamps should be all candle lamps, and the candles should be made of different lengths, so that (according to the season) a candle could be put in at dark that would burn until daylight without trimming or replacing. The mast-head light should be a fixture under the foretop, and the foot of the topsail should be reached so as not to interfere with it even in a calm. The bow lights should be in the same position in all vessels, or at least at the same distance from the stem.

"2. As to the means of communication between vessels regarding the position of the helm:

"This I consider of the greatest importance, because collisions are generally brought about by A not understanding what B is doing, or not knowing what he is going to do. If when A sights B he can let him know which way he has put his helm, or can find out which way B has put his, it is hardly possible they can come into collision. And this information might be easily conveyed by means of the steam whistle, as follows: On sighting a vessel in such a position as to render a collision possible, sound the alarm, which should be a long, loud, but not sharp whistle. Then, when nearer, if you have to alter course, sound one sharp whistle for 'helm a starboard,' two ditto for 'helm a port.' The other vessel knows what you are going to do, and shapes her course accordingly.

"3. A more severe punishment for cases of gross carelessness or wilful negligence.

"I do not intend to point out any particular cases in which I consider that the punishment inflicted on the officer of the watch was ridiculously small compared with his offence; but I believe if juries were only half as

severe in case of 'collision at sea' as they are in 'collisions on shore,' officers would be more careful, and we should not read of ships running down lighthouses, or chasing other vessels a couple of miles on a clear, calm night for the purpose of running into them. And now for the rules:

The rules as to sailing ships are perfectly understood, and require no alteration; the rule that steamers are in all cases to get out of the way of sailing vessels is so clear that no diagram is needed for its explanations.

There remains, then, only the case

of steamer meeting steamer; and here, like when Greek meets Greek, 'comes the tug of war.' I consider that if the steam whistle is used, as I suggest, only three rules will be requisite, and these are so plain that no diagrams will be wanted.

1. Ships meeting end on are both to port their helms.

2. One ship wishing to pass another going in the same direction and right ahead is to port her helm, and pass on her starboard side.

3. Whenever there exists any doubt as to the lights or position of a sighted vessel, reduce the speed immediately, and sound the alarm whistle.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

THE LATE REV. A. THURSTON—DEATH OF A PIONEER SAILOR TO SANDWICH ISLANDS—PITCAIRN'S ISLANDERS.

Thinking the readers of the MAGAZINE would be interested in some of the topics of interest now occupying public attention in this part of the world, I will allude to a few of them. The death of the venerable Mr. Thurston, one of the pioneer American missionaries to these islands, recently occurred. He died in Honolulu, March 11th, and was 80 years of age, having been born in Fitchburgh, Mass., in 1787. He sailed with Messrs. Bingham, Whitney, Chamberlain and their families, from Boston, in 1819, and arrived here in the following spring. Mr. Thurston has been pastor of the Native Church, at Kailua, Hawaii, until within a few years, when the infirmities of age compelled him to resign. Since that time he has resided in Honolulu with his family. His youngest son is pastor of the English and Hawaiian Church, at Wailukee, on the island of Malli. Some years ago, Mr. Thurston, the elder, visited California, but he has never revisited New England since he first came to the Pacific.

Of the pioneer company of missionaries, only Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. Thurston survive and reside at the

islands. The Rev. H. Bingham, Sr., resides in the United States. His son has been master of the new *Morning Star*, and in that capacity has brought her out from Boston, and made two successful trips, one to the Marquesas islands, and the other to Micronesia. In consequence of the great demand for translations into the dialect of the Gilbert Islanders, Capt. Bingham resigned his command of the *Morning Star*. He has been succeeded by Capt. Tingstrom, a Swede by birth, but long a shipmaster under the American flag. He is a most excellent navigator. He is a member of the Bethel Church in Honolulu. I think the American Board of Missions were fortunate to secure so good a man.

There lately died in Honolulu a venerable old man by the name of J. P. Parker. He was a native of Newton, Mass., and came originally to these islands as a sailor in 1809—eleven years before the arrival of the American missionaries. He has resided permanently on the islands since 1815. He has always sustained a most estimable character. The following are a few remarks made at his funeral, and published in one of

our local papers. Mr. Parker had resided on the island of Hawaii:

"We are now assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to the remains of one who lived beyond the period usually allotted to man upon the earth. He attained well-nigh four score years. How honorably and usefully those years were spent is known to all who were acquainted with the deceased. Very early in youth he left his home in New England, and entered upon a sea-faring life. His subsequent career afforded abundant evidence that he must have sprung from a good family stock, and received from parents and teachers a thorough Puritanic training, which exerted a most salutary and wholesome influence upon his character. He did not join that class of sailors of whom it is reported that they leave their consciences off Cape Horn when they sail into the Pacific. His conscience was a 'boon companion,' even when he landed in this, at that time heathen, land. He came to these islands as early as 1809,—eleven years before the missionaries landed in 1820—but he did not take up his residence here until 1815. Among the early settlers no man ever more honorably and faithfully fulfilled his marriage covenant, although not solemnized by the rites of christianity, as at that period christianity had not been proclaimed. Multitudes lived in all manner of excess and wickedness, but Mr. Parker was 'faithful found among the faithless.'

I take pleasure in referring to this fact, because it reflects much honor upon his character. Because others might live in sin, it was no excuse for him. His example and influence contributed to uphold and sustain the marriage institution, one of those strong pillars of enlightened civilization and human society. Marriage is of Divine origin. It was ordained in Paradise before our first parents fell; hence, under the circumstances, I regard the example of Mr. Parker as one of the most powerful practical sermons ever preached to the Hawaiian people. He was a correct family man. His influence among his

children, grand children and great grand children was that of a patriarch. Before leaving this world, I learn that he invited the Rev. Messrs. Bond and Lyons to his house, and from their hands received the elements of the Lord's Supper, thus by example testifying, in the strongest possible manner, that he desired to die in the enjoyment and belief of the christian religion. At his home, he literally followed the exhortation of the apostle Peter, 'Use hospitality, one to another, without grudging.' He was a 'lover of hospitality.'

On last Sabbath morning I joined one of his grand-daughters in marriage, in his sick room. During his sickness I have often visited him. But he has passed away, and, as we hope, to the enjoyments of that world where 'the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' I trust that his good example and influence will not soon pass away."

Recently I received several interesting letters from Pitcairn's Island. Some ten or twelve years ago, as is known to the reading public, the inhabitants of Pitcairn's Island were all removed, under the authority and patronage of the British government, to Norfolk Island. This island had been a penal settlement for the work of convicts, but all the convicts were removed to Sydney or Australia. The island was parcelled out among the Pitcairners; still some were dissatisfied, and in 1863, about forty returned to their old home on Pitcairn's Island. I have received letters from the latter, dated in February last. They are all living contentedly, but are quite poor. One of their number officiates as school teacher and chaplain. They still retain their religious character. There are now about sixty inhabitants on the island. The island is small and rocky. It is only five or six miles in circumference. The inhabitants are passionately attached to the spot. Hereafter, I may write some more respecting this interesting people.

Yours,

S. C. DAMON.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

A CHRISTIAN SAILOR ON A U. S. SHIP.

Early in 1862, I reported for duty on board the U. S. S.—— and feeling satisfied with the report received about the ship's company, I expected a pleasant time. I enjoyed myself very well. The officers had what liquor they wished, and it was used on all occasions. Visitors were always offered refreshments in the hope of making their stay agreeable. Indeed, we tried to make every thing comfortable for them.

The men, with a few exceptions, were regular in coming to the grog tub. I noticed a seaman named Wm. Gilbert: he did not come near the liquor tub, and if by chance he happened there, he would look at it in a manner I cannot well describe. My attention was called to him by this fact, and if he heard an oath, which he did too often, his face seemed to put on a peculiar expression. It was a grieved look, it seemed to hurt him. I saw that he was always attentive to his duty, and not an eye servant. At night he was ever on the move during his watch upon deck, while many would improve every opportunity to drop out of sight for a nap. He was generally the first to come when the watch was called to perform any duty, moving quietly and promptly. This was noticed by all the officers, and our commander, an old seaman, often spoke of him as being a good man, and as a pity that he was out of his place. He wished his entire crew were like him, except his religion, he thought a man did not need that on board ship. Our ship not being allowed a chaplain, we had no regular service on the Sabbath. William often asked permission to speak to the men, but never obtained it. Our commanding officer once in my presence speaking about William, said that whenever he swore in his presence, he always saw a look of pain pass over his face, as if he was hurt. At first it made him feel angry; afterwards it made him feel guilty, and he believed that he had quit using profane

language solely on that account. I told him I had felt the same way and I was glad I had, for I disliked to hear it, even in others. It was remarked that there was less profanity among the men than at the commencement of the cruise.

During the summer while on our station, a supply ship coming near, I boarded her for the purpose mostly to obtain some liquor for our mess. The men had a long pull in the boat and I offered them some of it. William refused very pleasantly, but the same pained look passed over his face when the men took theirs. After I returned on board I would see William's look whenever I saw one of the bottles. At last I threw mine away, resolving to use it no more, for it seemed to me that I had no right to hurt his feelings any longer.

After giving up liquor and the use of profane language, without hardly knowing it, I commenced to read my Bible, a book I had neglected for years, and I promised myself if I lived to be where I could, I would attend church. I had not been inside of a church for ten years. It was our misfortune to be captured by the Rebels where we remained prisoners some time. During our captivity, William was always ready to do what he could for the sick, and would speak to them about their soul's welfare, not pressing it upon them at improper times, but choosing such times as he thought it would be most readily received.

I had several conversations with him upon the subject of religion, and he seemed surprised and strangely pleased when I told him that I prayed day and night that God would allow me to live long enough to repent of my sins, and to feel as if my past transgressions were blotted out.

The cry of most was "deliver us from the hands of our enemies." Mine was "deliver me from my sins," leaving all the rest with God to accomplish in his own good time.

After a long period of doubt and of uncertainty, I felt relieved in a measure, but to this day I do not feel as I think I should. I do not have the willingness to trust every thing to God. I hope to grow stronger in the faith, and want to be as perfect in faith as some good Christians I have known. If I do not succeed, I mean to die trying. I can see a change for the better in me, but I think at times that it does not come quick enough.

I want to grasp it all at once and feel that at last I shall wear the white robes of the Lamb of God.

This change in me I date from my acquaintance with this Christian sailor; and if it ever meets his eye, he will know that his example was not without use.

I wish to say he was as cool and quiet under fire as he was any where, and I never heard him complain.

H. W. N.——

For the Sailors' Magazine.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

Several years ago I commanded a vessel laying at Bangor (Maine), bound for the West Indies. Seamen were then so scarce that several vessels were detained for the want of a crew. I finally shipped a man who bore so bad a character, that several who, although waiting for a crew, knowing his antecedents, would not ship him.

My new man, whom I will call John, before the steamboat left us, jumped overboard three times. The first two times I sent the mate in the boat for him, who after much coaxing brought him on board. The third time I went myself, and refused to take him into the boat, compelling him to swim to the vessel, and also pressing him under water occasionally with the boat hook. As soon as we got on board he wanted to fight, which desire I immediately and fully satisfied by giving him a good whipping. After that, John was the quietest and best behaved man I had on board of the vessel. A few days afterward, the mate told me that John was in the habit of praying. I told the mate not to interfere with him, but to let me know if he saw any thing that did not correspond with the praying part. I also watched him very closely myself, having some curiosity to know how it would turn out.

I kept the men pretty steady at work, not giving them a forenoon watch below, except in very rough weather. Some of the men grumbled

at what they called such hard treatment; and then I began to have confidence in the sincerity of John's religion, for I heard him trying to pacify the men, and telling them that it was their duty to submit to the Captain's orders. Whilst in port I had occasion to call on board of a neighboring vessel, and took John to scull me there. I told him that I was very glad to see that there was a change for the better in his conduct since he came on board. He replied, "Yes, Captain, I hope that I am a changed man altogether. I began to feel that if I had died when I was overboard, I should have lost my soul, and then I began to pray, and now it seems almost as easy to me to do right as it used to be to do wrong. This makes my sixth consecutive voyage to this port, and this is the first vessel in which I have not spent the whole of the time in jail whilst we laid in port. I am sorry that I gave you the trouble that I did when I first came on board, and hope that you will forgive me." I told John that I was very glad to see the change that had taken place, and hoped that he would persevere.

About seven years afterward, I was doing business in California. As I was passing through the street, a man gave me a very cordial shake of the hand, whom I soon recognized to be John. He thanked me for what I had done for him; said that it had been the making of him; that he was now employed on shore, and that he

was striving to persevere in the same good way in which he had begun on board of my vessel. I called on his employer to enquire about him, who

said, "John is the best man I have in my employ; in fact, if he should go, I do not think that I could replace him." G.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

OBITUARY.

Dr. Charles H. Page, assistant surgeon of the U. S. ship *Hartford*, died on the Japan Seas, on the early morning of December 24th, 1867, aged 24 years.

The following extracts are from letters from officers of the fleet, who held him in the highest esteem for his studious habits, professional tastes and ability, and genial lovable qualities of head and heart. Dr. Beale, fleet surgeon, says: "Dr. Page accompanied the expedition to the island of Formosa, in June last, and participated in all its fatigues and dangers. Up to that time his health had been excellent, but from that day it began to decline. Operating, as the expedition did, in a mountainous country, and under a frightful sun, the physical efforts he was called upon to make, imposed too great a strain upon his lungs, and thus laid the foundation of the disease, (pulmonary consumption), of which he ultimately died. I have never known a young man of sounder principles of action, or greater purity of heart and life. His whole career on board this ship, since I first became acquainted with him, over two years ago, was without a blemish. We all loved him, and we all deplore his loss. Correct and exemplary as his conduct was at all times, it may be a satisfaction to his family to know, that during his illness he did not neglect his religious duties. The Bible was his hourly study, and doubtless from its Divine fountains he derived that patience which enabled him to bear so sweetly and uncomplainingly the trials of a protracted illness."

He often spoke in terms of affection of one who had been his Sabbath school teacher in by-gone days, and remembered his Sunday privileges with marked pleasure and satisfaction. Fully realizing his condition,

and bowing in submission to the will of his Heavenly Father, he gently passed away on the day before Christmas.

Lieut. Belknap, commandant of the *Hartford* since the loss of Admiral Bell, writes: "He died beloved and mourned by all, for his exemplary life, gentle manners, and warm heart won esteem and admiration from all with whom he came in contact. The funeral took place Christmas afternoon, with military and naval honors, the officers, seamen and marines of the (51) fine national ships here participating in the ceremonies, and his remains rest in the grounds set apart by the Japanese government for the burial place of foreigners, (Hioga, near Osaka), the second body to be laid away in that lonely spot so far removed from home and kindred, and native earth. In his weakest moments he was buoyed up with the hope of once more looking upon his loved granite hills, and going to his final rest by the side of his fathers; but a wise Providence decreed otherwise, and the prayerful seeking of his last days bids us believe that he now rejoices in that immortal crown which Christ bestows upon the repentant ones of this wayward world.

A monument to his memory is being prepared by brother officers of the *Hartford*, and will be erected in the course of a few weeks."

Dr. Page was a native of Concord, New Hampshire, and there pursued his medical studies and entered upon a career of high promise. Though left an orphan very early in life, many friends lament his untimely fall. His distant grave is lonely, but with Monica, the mother of Augustine, we are sure that Christ will not fail to find the precious dust on the morning of the resurrection.

TERRIBLE VOLCANIC ERUPTION.

NUMEROUS EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS—MANY PERSONS KILLED—MILLIONS OF PROPERTY DESTROYED—VILLAGES ENGULPHED AND SWEEPED AWAY.

The bark *Cornet*, from the Sandwich Islands, arrived at San Francisco on Friday, and brings accounts of a terrible volcanic eruption by Mauna Loa, which began its demonstrations on March 27th. On the 28th one hundred earthquake shocks were felt, and during the two weeks following to April 13th two hundred earthquake shocks occurred at Waischina. The earth opened in many places, and a tidal wave sixty feet high rose over the tops of the cocoa trees for a quarter of a mile inland, sweeping human beings, houses and everything moveable before it. A terrible shock prostrated churches and houses, and killed many persons.

In all one hundred lives were lost, besides a thousand horses and cattle. The craters vomited fire, rocks and lava, and a river of red hot lava, five or six miles long, flowed to the sea at the rate of ten miles an hour, destroying everything before it and forming an island in the sea.

A new crater, two miles wide, opened, and threw rocks and streams of fire a thousand feet high. Streams of lava rolled to the sea. At one time the illumination extended fifty miles at night. The lava has pushed out from the shore one mile.

At Waischina, three miles from the shore, an island rose suddenly, emitting a column of steam and smoke, while the Korfo packet was passing, splattering mud on the vessel.

The greatest shock occurred April 2d, prior to the eruption. There was a great shower of ashes and pumice during the great shock. The swinging motion of the earth was dreadful, so that no person could stand. In the midst of this tremendous shock, an eruption of red earth poured down the mountain, rushing across the plain three miles in three minutes, and then ceased. Then came the great tidal wave, and then the streams of lava. The villages on the shore were all destroyed by this wave. The earth opened under the

sea and reduced the water. The earth eruption swallowed thirty persons, and the sea many more.

Great suffering and terror prevailed in the district, and the whole region was affected. The sloop *Live Yankee* has been dispatched with provisions, &c., to rescue and relieve.

The Honolulu correspondent of the San Francisco *Bulletin* gives the details of the volcanic disturbance, showing that earthquake shocks extended to all the islands of the Hawaiian group, but no damage is known to have occurred except around Mauna Loa. Numerous extensive land slides accompanied the other phenomena, destroying life and property. The summit and side of a hill fifteen hundred feet in height were thrown a thousand feet over the tops of trees and landed in the valley below. The gasses that issued afterward destroyed both vegetable and animal life. Bottomless fissures opened in the mountain side. A lava stream flows under the ground, breaking out in four jets, six miles from the sea, and throwing lava and stones one thousand to fifteen hundred feet high. The island thrown up is four hundred feet high and is now joined to the main land by a stream of lava a mile wide.

A large stream of water has burst from the mountain where the earth eruption occurred. The base of the volcano is about thirty miles in circumference, and is desolated. At least half a million dollars' worth of property is destroyed. The King of the Sandwich Islands has issued a proclamation for the relief of the sufferers. Many visitors had gone from Honolulu, and will go from San Francisco. The worst is thought to be over, but the lava flow continues. It is a grand spectacle.

An earthquake shock was felt at Healdsburg Thursday night, and awoke all the inhabitants. Several shocks were felt in California at about the period of the outbreak in the Hawaiian islands.

A Missionary Hero.

Henry Williams, late archdeacon of Pahiia, was originally an officer in his majesty's service, and occupied the post of lieutenant on board the *Thames*. Like his brother sailor Nobbs, who, with a solitary companion, sailed from South America across the Pacific to search for, and labor among, the inhabitants of Pitcairn's Island, he devoted his life to the cannibal barbarians of New Zealand. Other missionaries had been before him, but from his time the mission assumed the aspect of a consolidated and steadily-advancing work. His skill in navigation, his coolness and his courage, enabled him to visit in his boat all parts of the island. Wherever a war was, there he was found in the midst of the hostile parties, allaying their resentments, and promoting peace. The natives could not comprehend Christianity, but they felt there must be something noble in those influences that could impel those men to undertake such journeys and endure such hardships for their good. The name of missionary soon became the most honored in the land, and deputations were sent up from all parts to Pahiia to beg for one of these teachers. This point however, was not reached without great struggles, and the little bark seemed often on the point of foundering amid the angry elements; neither were their troubles of one kind. At one time an attempt would be made to starve them into a consent to barter powder and guns for food; at another time the victors in some local conflict would rush upon the mission station and sweep off their goods as spoil; and at another time some imaginary affront would bring down a band of naked savages upon the unsuspecting settlement. To protect themselves in some way, and to keep a body of disciples around them, the missionaries used to encourage the well-disposed to live in the settlement, and these people assumed the appellation of "Whare kura," (school house.) These men were most useful and faithful, and manfully withstood their own relatives when they made a descent for plunder.

It was rough work in those days, and the men were equal to it. Henry Williams was not to be deterred by dangers, and he despised hardships. It was nothing for him to wander for three months at a time in his boat on expeditions with those wild men, till at last "Karu wha," (four eyes,) the name given because of his spectacles, was known in every part of the island.

He entered the service of his majesty, 10th of May, 1815, as midshipman, and on the 29th of August, 1815, was promoted to the rank of lieutenant. He was removed from the list of lieutenants in 1827 in consequence of his having entered into holy orders. He was engaged by the Church Missionary Society in 1822, at the age of thirty, and ordained June 22 by the bishop of London. He arrived, with Mrs. Williams, in New South Wales early in 1833, and sailed from Sydney for New Zealand on board the *Brampton*, in company with the venerated Samuel Marsden, on the 21st. July, 1823. He departed this life in peace on the 16th July, 1866, at the ripe age of seventy-five years. The burial took place on Friday, July 19th. So deep was the respect in which he was held by the natives that the contending hapus at Waimate agreed to suspend hostilities until after the burial of the venerable missionary, whose life had been spent in preaching to them the blessed Gospel of peace and forgiveness through Jesus Christ.

Come to Jesus.

Christ has waited long enough—too long—for you already. Accept him at once! When the leper came to him for healing, the Master bade him "go show himself to the priest," and report himself cured. The suffering creature did not stop to count his loathsome "scabs," or to pull off a single "scale" from his frightful face. He asked no questions either, but set off at once as directed; and we read that "as he went, he was healed." The path of obedience was the path of his salvation. When Christ found Andrew, and James,

and John on the lake-shore of Galilee, he said to them, "Follow me." They obeyed the authoritative call, and straightway followed him. He did not come twice after them, nor did he need to speak twice to them. They forsook their nets, their homes, their kindred, and entered at once upon a career of self-denying toil, which gradually grew into the mightiest mission for God and humanity that was ever intrusted to mortal hands and hearts. Just imagine that those men had said *no*, instead of *yes*.

But they did not even sit down to weep over their sins, or stop to chaffer with the Saviour about the profits of the trade they were abandoning. The gripe of that command, "Follow me," was like the gripe of a hand of steel clothed in velvet; it was soft, but strong. They rose up, quit their nets, and set off immediately on a march of toil and humiliation, which led to martyrdom on earth, and to a crown of unfading glory in the presence of God and the holy angels.

You, too, must forsake your 'net.' It is your favorite sin. Perhaps many a sin, but often a single besetting sin is a "net" that entangles a soul in its meshes, and unless that net is forsaken, the soul cannot follow the Master. What is your net? God knows, and so do you. Perhaps others have seen your hindrance in a sparkling glass, which fashion or appetite keeps on your table. Break that glass, or it may break your heart in the world of woe. We have seen more awakened sinners drawn back to impenitence through the stress of sensual temptation than by any other device of the devil. The decanter, the card-table and the play-house are damning more souls to-day than all the infidelity on the globe.

Perhaps your "net" is a complicity with dishonest dealing. You may be making money against the protest of conscience. Perhaps you are held back by fear of your associates; you seek to live on good terms with sinners, and to die on good terms with God. This cannot be done. He who takes up no cross, shall wear no crown. But suppose

that some irreligious friend does stare at you, or sneer, it may be that some other one may be startled out of his thoughtlessness by your fearless standing up for Jesus, and you may save a soul unawares. Do right, and leave consequences to God.

We cannot specify all the "nets." of favorite sins, or indulged cavils and doubts, which our thousands of readers may be clinging to; no matter what the hindrance, so that it keeps you from Christ. A man may be crushed by an avalanche, or poisoned by an atom of strychnine; each one *takes life!* And the sin that keeps you from Jesus takes your life for all eternity!

The only true repentance is an abandonment of known sin. The only true faith is the entire yielding of the soul to Jesus for salvation. The two make up evangelical conversion; and sincere *coming to Jesus* embraces the two. This vital step may be attended with poignant distress of mind, or it may not. This will depend on your temperament, and on the methods of the Holy Spirit's work. Do not be anxious about the degree of your distress. Tears do not save, Christ does. Wait for nothing. Wait for no one. Just begin to serve Jesus in the first duty that comes to your hand. Just refuse to do the first wrong thing to which you are tempted. Do this in prayer for Divine help. You will get no help and no comfort while you remain with your "nets." *Hasten to Jesus, and at once!*—T. L. Cuyler.

Only.

Only one drop of water at a time that had found its way from the mighty ocean through the dyke, and was slowly wearing a little channel. Only one drop. Yet if that little child in her morning ramble had not noticed it, who can tell what the terrible result might have been?

Only a stray sunbeam! Yet perchance it hath pierced some wretched abode, gladdened some stricken heart, or its golden light found its way through the leafy branches of some wild wood, kissed the moss-

covered bank where the tiny violet grew, and caused a rich shade of beauty to adorn its lovely form.

Only a gentle breeze! But how many aching brows hath it fanned, how many hearts cheered by its gentle touch!

Only one stray bullet that pierced the noble soldier-boy as he trod the lonely midnight round, faithfully guarding the precious lives entrusted to his keeping; and the life-blood slowly ebbcd out, and the morning sunbeam fell upon the cold face of the dead.

Only a sentinel! And yet one soul more had passed from its earthly tenement to meet its reward at the hands of a merciful God.

Only one drop of ink! And yet it carried the news of death to anxious ones at home, and caused the tear of anguish to trickle down the furrowed cheek of a widowed mother.

Only a frown! But it left a sad, dreary ache in that child's heart, and the quivering lips and tearful eyes told how keenly he felt it.

Only a smile! But ah! how it cheered the broken heart, engendered a ray of hope, and cast a halo of light around the unhappy present; made the bed-ridden one forget its present pain for a moment as it dwelt in sunshine of joy, lived in the warmth of that smile.

Only a word! But it carried the poisonous breath of slander, assailing the character. Oh! how it pierced the lonely heart.

Only one glass! And how many have filled a drunkard's grave,—through its influence. How many homes made desolate. How many bright anticipations of a happy future blasted by its blighting influence.

Only a mound in the quiet churchyard, and yet it speaks volumes to the stricken ones. Some home has lost a light! some home circle has a vacant chair!

Only a child, perhaps, yet "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Only a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple, but it is not forgotten. Then toil on, Christian; yours is a glorious work; hope on ever, for yours is a bright reward.

One soul snatched from the ways of sin and degradation through your feeble efforts coupled with the grace of God will add lustre to your crown of glory, and speak more for your happiness hereafter than a life of selfish works.

Only a prayer, and yet it calls to you for help. It calls for good raiment and food; and, Christians, shall not we through the grace of God answer that prayer? God grant it in his mercy.

Only a lifetime, a short day in which to prepare for death, for "as death overtakes us, so judgment will find us." Let us then gird on the armor anew and press on, the hope of a brighter hereafter being our talisman, using the weapons of prayer, lest we enter into temptation, and lose the rich reward of Him who is faithful even unto death.

—*N. W. Presbyterian.*

A Star Hidden by a Thread.

David Rittenhouse of Pennsylvania, was a great astronomer. He was skillful in measuring the size of planets and determining the position of the stars. But he found that, such was the distance of the stars, a silk thread stretched across the glass of his telescope would entirely cover a star; and moreover, that a silk fibre, however small, placed upon the same glass, would cover so much of the heavens that the star, if a small one and near the pole, would remain obscured behind that silk fibre several seconds. Thus a silk fibre appeared to be larger in diameter than a star.

You know that every star is a heavenly world, a world of light, a sun shining upon other worlds as our sun shines upon this world. Our sun is eight hundred and eighty-six thousand miles in diameter, and yet, seen from a distant star, our sun could be covered, obscured, hidden behind a thread, when that thread is near the eye, although in a telescope.

Just so we have seen some who never could behold the heavenly world. They always complained of

dimness of vision, dullness of comprehension, when they looked in a heavenly direction. You might strive to comfort them in affliction, or poverty, or distress; but no, they could not see Jesus as the Sun of Righteousness. You might direct their eyes to the Star of Bethlehem through the telescope of faith and holy confidence; but alas! there is a secret thread, a filament, a silken fibre, which, holding them in subserviency to the world, in some way obscures the light, and Jesus, the Star of Hope, is eclipsed, and their hope darkened. There are times when a very small self gratification, a very little love of pleasure, a very small thread, may hide the light. To some sinners, Jesus, as Saviour, appears far off; but far off as he may appear, he certainly can be and shall be seen where the heart lets nothing intervene.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

Bread Corn Found Again.

A crew left Mobile, Texas, on New Year's day. Six weeks or more afterward they returned. The first remark of the steward as I met him on shipboard, was, "How is it about that sermon, have you preached it again? I began to think about those things you spoke of after we left, and sir, I have not tasted a drop of liquor since." Then taking from under the pillow of one of the men a Bible I had given them, which bore marks of usage, and turning to "the Family Record" (between the Old and New Testaments), and pointing to some good resolutions which they had written there, with their names affixed, "There (said he) so many of us are reading the Bible by course, and here are the marks showing how far we have read."

In a few days they set sail again, and who knows but I may hear from that Bible in heaven. *Chaplain.*

Ecclesiastical action in regard to the American Seamen's Friend Society.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, (O. S.,) IN SESSION AT ALBANY, NEW YORK, JUNE, 1868.

The Assembly desires to call the attention of the churches under our care to the fact that 3,000,000 of their fellow-men are said to be seamen doing business on the great waters, and therefore, in a great measure, deprived of the means of grace; that this people are not readily reached by the efforts of the Church to give the gospel to the destitute, and so strong is the claim of these sailors upon our Christian sympathies and aid, that we commend to the churches to seek their salvation through the agency of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, which has long been faithfully laboring, and with great success, in this important department of Christian labor

GENERAL ASSEMBLY, PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, (N. S.,) IN SESSION AT HARRISBURGH, PENN., JUNE, 1868, AND GENERAL SYNOD OF THE REFORMED CHURCH OF AMERICA, IN SESSION AT HUDSON, N. Y., JUNE, 1868.

The following resolutions were submitted and adopted:

Resolved, That the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, organized in 1828, to improve the social, moral, and religious condition of seamen, proposes a work intimately connected with the promised conversion of the abundance of the sea and the universal extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

Resolved, That we rejoice to learn that the work of the Society has been attended of late with signal indications of the Divine favor, and that we commend it to the sympathy and aid of our churches.

GENERAL CONFERENCE M. E. CHURCH,
IN SESSION AT CHICAGO, JUNE, 1868.

"The Committee to whom was referred the work among seamen, respectively report, * * * * that they find that for forty years past the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY has been prosecuting its work with marked success among seamen, both in American and Foreign ports; and they also find that for a number of years past, a co-ordinate branch of this venerable Society known as the WESTERN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY has been dilligently at work among the persons who do business upon the great lakes and rivers of the West. And further, that while these two Societies have always labored harmoniously together, there is now a good prospect of their being further consolidated so as to present to the American public, one great undenominational Society working for the moral and religious elevation of seamen. * * * * therefore

1. *Resolved*, that this General Conference has unabated interest in the moral and religious elevation of seamen and watermen.

2. *Resolved*, That we have great confidence in the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and its co-ordinate branch, the WESTERN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and that we affectionately commend these Societies to the generous consideration of our churches, and of the Annual Conferences in the sections of the country where they severally operate."

Similar resolutions commendatory of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY were passed by the New York Conference, in session at Harlem; and by the New York East Conference, in session at Brooklyn, in April last.

Sailor's Home 190 Cherry Street.

Mr. Cassidy reports 60 arrivals at the Home during the month of May. These deposited with him \$1,335, of which \$580 were sent to relatives and friends, and \$150 were placed in the Saving's Bank.

Position of the Planets for July.

MERCURY is not well situated for observation at the beginning of this month. It rises during the month before the sun, and is in inferior conjunction with that luminary on the 14th. It is near the moon on the 19th.

VENUS is an evening star till the 9th of this month, when it sets a few minutes after the sun, and setting each day earlier till the month closes. It rises throughout the month nearly with the sun, and from this time becomes a morning star.

MARS is a morning star rising about 2 h. A. M. at the beginning, and an hour earlier at the end of the month, setting at 4½ h. and 4 h. P. M. respectively; it is near the moon on the 16th.

JUPITER rises about midnight at the beginning of this month; setting at noon and rising and setting about an hour earlier at the end of the month. It is close to the moon on the 12th.

SATURN rises at 2 h. P. M. throughout the month, setting about midnight. It is an evening star this month, and is a little to the right of the moon on the 28th. B. B. N. Y. Nautical School, 92 Madison St.

Total Disasters Reported in May.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the past month is 23, of which 11 were wrecked, 2 abandoned, 2 foundered, 2 burnt, 2 sunk by collision, and 4 are missing. They are classed as follows: 1 steamer, 2 ships, 6 barks, 1 brig, 12 schooners, and 1 sloop, and their total estimated valuation, exclusive of cargoes, is \$640,000.

Below is the list, giving names, whence hailing, destinations, &c. Those marked *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *b* burnt, *f* foundered, *sc* sunk by collision, and *m* missing.

STEAMER.

Oceanus, *b*, (At New York.

SHIPS.

Living Age, *b*, from Shields for Bombay,
Wm. Miles, *w*, from Pensacola for Queenstown.

BARKS,

Rosamond, *w*, from New York for Nuevitas.
Royal Charlie, *a*, from Shields for Boston.
Kate Stamler, *f*, from Philadelphia for Marseilles
Eagle, *w*, from Boston for St. Jago.
St. Clair, *w*, from Alvarado for Liverpool.
Ione, *w*, from New York for Antwerp.

BRIG.

Cygnnet, *a*, from Demerara for New York.

SCHOONERS.

Ellen Forrester, *sc*, from Baltimore for Providence.
R. R. Townsend, *f*, from Savannah for Richmond.
C. Fantauzzi, *m*, from Philadelphia for Portland
Maine Law, *w*, from Havana for New York.
A. M. Edwards, *m*, from Fall R. for Alexandria.
Mary Campbell, *w*, from N. O. for Grand Caillou.
May, *w*, from Cardiff for Boston.
Aid, *w*, from Brunswick, Ga. for New York.
Hudora, *sc*, from Elizabethport for Portland.
Etta G. Fogg, *m*, (Fisherman) of Provincetown.
Money Hill, *m*, (Fisherman) of Boston.
Kate Aubrey, *w*, from Saco for Boston.

SLOOP.

Pine, *w*, from Little River, N. C. for Wilmington, N. C.

Receipts for May, 1868.

MAINE.

Bangor, Hammond St. Ch. \$56 28
South Berwick, Cong. Ch. 18 13

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Bedford, Pres. Ch., \$15 from S. S. for
library 42 60
Dover, 1st Cong. Ch., \$15 for library 37 00
M. E. Ch., for library 15 00
Great Falls, 1st Cong. Ch. 17 50

VERMONT.

Bennington, Cong. Ch., const. Rev. C.
H. Hubbard, L. M. 52 47

MASSACHUSETTS.

A Friend 1 00
Amherst, College Ch. 17 50
Boston, Tract Society for library 13 50
Danbury, Wesleyan Society for lib'y 25 13
Fitchburg, Louisa A. Lowe, for lib'y 15 00
Foxboro, Cong. Ch. 29 70
Gardner, 1st Cong. Ch., \$15 for lib'y 61 38
Hatfield, Cong. Ch. 108 25
Lenox, Cong. Ch. 18 50
Melrose, Cong. Ch. 44 40
Newburyport, Ladies Bethel Soc'y for
library 15 00
North Amherst, Cong. Ch. 28 50
Northampton, John Clarke, 30 00
Oakham, \$15 for library 51 15
Paxton, Cong. Ch. 24 25
Phillipston, 15 00
Rutland, Cong. Ch. 31 18
Shrewsbury, Cong. Ch. 62 00
M. E. Ch., for library 18 00

CONNECTICUT.

Haddam, Cong. Ch. 11 30
Hartwinton, Cong. Ch., const. Dea.
Hart Barker & David Birge, L. Ms. 60 00
Lisbon, Elias Bishop, 3 00
Norwich, B. W. Hyde's class for lib'y, 10 00
Old Lyme, 1st Cong. Ch. 28 00
Rockville, 2d Cong. Ch., S. S. for lib'y, 15 00
Southbury, Cong. Ch., S. S. for lib'y, 12 00

Stratford, Gen. G. Loomis, 2 00
Suffield, Cong. Ch. 14 00
2d Cong. Ch. 6 91
West Hartford, Cong. Ch. S. S. 28 50
West Haven, F. L. M. 3 00
Woodbury, Cong. Ch. 17 88

NEW YORK.

Buffalo, Mrs. E. A. Eames, const. Miss
Cora F. Goodell, (Quincy, Ill.) L. M. 30 00
Cohoes, 1st Pres. Ch., S. S. 30 00
H. B. Silliman, 15 00
Coxsackie, Ref. Ch. S. S. in part const.
A. Reed, L. M. 5 00
Geneva, Mrs. M. P. Squier, 4 00
Hudson, North Bay Mission S. S. for
library 15 00
M. E. Ch. 22 00
Ref. Ch. S. S. 15 00
G. H. Hermann, for library 15 00
Jamaica, Pres. Ch. 53 55
Kinderhook, Ref. Ch. 111 40
Leroy, Cong. Ch. S. S. 5 00
New York City, James Lenox, 200 00
Mercer St. Pres. Ch. 154 96
Mrs. Hannah Ireland, 65 00
David Hoadley, 50 00
Beebe & Bros., 50 00
Ann A. Morss, 30 00
Geo. S. Stephenson & Co., 25 00
Henry Day, 25 00
Cash, 20 00
Jno C. Tucker, 20 00
C. A. Hedges, 20 00
Mrs. B. Deforest, 20 00
North West Ref. Ch. S. S. for lib'y, 15 00
Madison Square Pres. Ch. S. S., Miss
Nellie Lane's class, for lib'y, 15 00
Samuel Marsh, 10 00
Adam Norrie, 10 00
Jos. W. Alsop, 10 00
Brooks Bros., 10 00
F. Hathaway, 10 00
J. N. Cobb, 10 00
Miniature Bethel, 6 00
J. T. T. 5 00
H. P. M. 5 00
J. P. 5 00
Mrs. R. 5 00
Capt. John Gaspar, sch. *Colon*, 5 00
J. Widucll, 2 00
Capt. Daniel Cook, bk. *Lydia Cook*, 2 00
" Wm. E. Douglass, 2 00
" J. D. Brown, of the *Koret*, 1 00
" Gernon, 1 00
" J. P. Wiggin, sch. *Wm. Flint*, 1 00
Owego Dr. Lovejoy, 5 00
Poughkeepsie, Mrs. M. J. Myers, 25 00
Rome, Pres. Ch. 34 17
M. E. Ch. 3 50
Salem, Pres. Ch. S. S., \$15 for lib'y 17 93
Tarrytown, Charles Bowen, 15 00
Troy, Park Pres. Ch. S. S. for lib'y, 15 00
Westernville, Pres. Ch. 24 19

NEW JERSEY.

Jersey City, Judge Jos. F. Randolph, 10 00
3d Ref. Ch., of which Mrs. Charles
Bennet, \$15 for library, 71 60
Mendham, A Friend, 1 00
Morristown, Roman Mead, 1 00
South St. Pres. Ch., of which const.
Theo. F. Randolph, L. M. \$30,
Mary A. Graves \$15 for lib'y, in
name of Walter Graves, 75 00
P. E. Dickie (seamen's families)
const. self, L. D. 100 00
New Providence, Pres. Ch. S. S. 15 00
Plainfield, W. H. 1 00
Vineland, 1st Pres. Ch. 8 00

\$2,582 21



July.]

Published by the American Seamen's Friend Society.

[1868.]

Looking for a Place.

"Well, Johnny, have you succeeded to-day, my son?"

"Nothing good to-day, mother. I have been all over town almost, and no one would take me; but I think if you had been with me I should have stood a better chance. Oh, you look so thin and pale, mother, somebody would have felt sorry, and so taken me; but nobody knew me, and nobody saw you."

After reading a portion of God's holy word, the mother and her two children knelt down, and prayed the Lord to take care of them. They were very poor, but they knew that God cares for the poor. They knew also that God would do what was best for them. Oh, it is a sweet thing to the soul to be able to say sincerely, "Thy will be done."

Next morning was the Sabbath. The Sabbath-school bell rang. The sun was shining bright and clear, but the air was exceedingly cold, and the poor children shivered in the cold wind. They reached the school and took their seats just as their superintendent and their teacher entered.

"Who is that little pale-faced boy in your class?" asked the superintendent of Johnny's teacher.

"His name is Jones; he lives in Stone street; I must visit him this week. He is a well behaved boy."

"Yes. I should like to know more about him, and I will see him after school."

The superintendent did not forget him, and when the class broke up, took him by the hand kindly, and said, "Did I not see you yesterday looking for a place in Water street?"

"Yes, sir, I was looking for a place."

"Why did you not take that place which a gentleman offered you?"

"Oh, sir, I didn't know they sold spirits there when I first went in; and when I saw what kind of a place it was, I was afraid. My father once kept a shop like that." And the child shuddered when he answered.

"Well, did you get a place yesterday?"

"No, sir; all the places were full, and nobody knew me."

"Well, my boy, you may go now, and tell your mother that you have a place. Come to me very early in the morning; your teacher will tell you where I live."

Johnny went home with his heart and eyes so full, that he could hardly see the street, or anything else, as

he went along. He knew that it would cheer his dear mother very much, and so it did. His superintendent procured a good place for him, and they were made comfortable and happy.

Library Reports

No. 869.—Has returned in good condition; has been three years and a half on board a man-of-war, and has been very useful. Gone coasting.

No. 2,027.—Has returned, with few books missing; has been gone three years, read by officers and men. Gone to West Indies.

No. 2,662.—Has returned, having done much good. Gone to Antwerp.

No. 2,079.—Returned. Books all read. No cursing and swearing, thanks to God and the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. Gone again to sea.

No. 841.—*Sir*, I have to thank you and the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, for the pleasure and benefit I have derived from perusing the library you placed on board last January, and I assure you I have derived much comfort from some of the books. I am sure there is a great deal of good done by the circulation of your libraries; and I am sure the Sunday-school children will be most happy in knowing that they are the means of comforting and cheering many a lonely sailor's heart, and awakening many men to a sense of the obligations due to their creator.

Hoping that God may continue to bless you in your labors of love,

Yours affectionately,

JORDEN P. WIGGIN.

No. 1,535.—Returned from the *E. A. Higgins*. Capt. Battle says: "I believe all the crew have been improved by the library."

No. 1,999.—Returned from the bark, *J. H. McLaren*, and reshipped in care of Capt. James F. Atwood, bound for a fishing voyage.

No. 2,399.—Returned, refitted and reshipped.

The Dialogue in the Round-top.

OR HOW A SAILOR BOY'S RELIGION PROVED OF USE.

"I said one day, when we were up in the round-top, 'Mr. Charley, I'd like if you would tell me how you got over being afraid to speak about your Bible, and read it before sailors; for in merchantmen, and craft of that sort, they look down on a mess-mate for being religious; and as for being bookish inclined, why, when I was young, sir, that warn't the fashion afloat, sir.'"

"Well, Bill," says he, "I'll tell you how it was. I had to suffer a good deal, I can tell you, for both the mate and the sailors were a rough set; and the captain, though a kind-hearted man, was seldom sober. The mate used to mast-head me for the slightest mistake; and once, in a dreadful storm—the first I had been in—I was so frightened, I could not help praying aloud to God to spare us. The mate heard me, and with a kick, he ordered me to go out upon the starboard whisker, to make fast a loose rope that was thrashing about in the gale."

"Oh, Bill," said the little fellow, shuddering as he thought of it, "it was dreadful to be out there alone, the ship at the very moment just going down into a heavy sea, that swelled up about the bows, and fairly caught me before I got inboard, making me cling on desperately for life; and then choking with the salt brine, scrambling in, not knowing how. Instead of stopping me from praying, as the mate wanted to do, it made me the more determined not to give in; for I felt, that dreadful night, that the words were true that had rung in my ears, 'Fear not, I am with you;' and if I had God to protect me, I need never fear, as my father had taught me. Well, Bill," says he, "the captain fell ill, and he thought he was dying—and he was terribly afraid to die; for he had turned his back against God so long, that he thought there could be no mercy shown him now. The carpenter told him that I had a Bible, and that perhaps I might be able to pray,

as I was the son of a parson. Well, he sent for me, and he made me read and pray for him, and I did it as well as I could. God helped me to remember what my father and mother had taught me about Jesus; and I think he was happy to die at last, trusting in Him.

Now, I have often thought that, had I turned from God because I got a few cuffs and kicks, I could never have been allowed to help the captain, or been saved myself that dreadful storm. The thing that has kept me right, Bill, is the thought that God sees me and cares for me; and if I neglect Him, I never will get to heaven to live with Jesus, and be beside my mother and father again."

Jesus, Take Me.

Jesus, take me, take me gently,
In Thy saving arms of love.
O Thou blessed, only Saviour,
Bear me to my home above.
O'er yon gleaming, radiant river,
Once so dark, so cold, so drear,
Lo! Thy rod, Thy staff, they cheer me:
Lord, Thy presence calms my fear.

Jesus, take me; I would hasten
To that glorious, ransomed throng—
See, they wait me, beck'ning onward;
Hark! I hear their seraph song!
Unto God, our King, salvation—
Him who sitteth on the throne—
To the Lamb, whose blood, most precious,
Doth for sin and guilt atone.

I would join th' enrapturing chorus;
I would chant those wondrous lays;
With them sing thy great redemption—
Sing the glories of Thy grace.
Jesus, take me, take my spirit,
Which to Thee I now resign,
Then I'll join the Church triumphant;
Lord, I'm Thine, and Thou art mine.

C. A. S. T.

Which Way Do You Lean?

"If the tree fall toward the south or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be."—*Eccles.* 11: 3.

The tree will not only lie as it falls, but it will also *fall* as it *leans*; that is, we shall go after what we are inclined to—is not that so?—which makes it all in all to us what the *bent of our mind* is.

Twenty years ago, there were two boys in my Sabbath-school class, bright, lively fellows, who interested me very much, only one of them

made me sometimes feel anxious. I often found him out evenings in company with young rowdies. When I asked him how it happened, he used to say he was only out on an errand; the boys spoke to him, and he could not help their speaking, he was sure. Perhaps that was so, still it made me uneasy. I once said to his mother: "Is not Willie out nights too much?" "Willie out nights! Oh! no; Willie does not go out nights." Was I mistaken then?

The other boy, whose name was Arthur, I never met among the rowdies. His evenings, I am sure, were spent at home. I always found him studying his lessons, or reading with his sisters, or amusing himself at home.

That was twenty years ago. Both boys had begun to show which way they were leaning, and how their tastes inclined them. Twenty years will show it plainer.

The other day I heard of Willie. Somebody met him in Chicago.—"What is he?" I asked. "A good-for-nothing, certainly, if not worse," was the answer; "a shabby, idle, drinking fellow, whom nobody wants to employ."

"Oh, I am sorry to hear it—sorry, but not surprised. I wonder where Arthur — is."

"Arthur! Why, didn't you know he has just been taken into partnership with that old firm he served his time with. They could not spare him, so they *had* to take him in."

"Good!" I said, "good! It is just what I should have expected. He *leaned right* as a boy." C.

Frederick and his Page.

FREDERICK THE GREAT King of Prussia, one day rung his bell, and, nobody answering, he opened his door, and found his page fast asleep in an elbow chair. He advanced towards him, and was going to awaken him, when he perceived part of a letter hanging out of his pocket. His curiosity prompting him to know what it was, he took it out and read it. As he was a very loving and kind-hearted king, let us forgive his

doing what even he had no right to do without leave.

It was a letter from this young man's mother, in which she thanked him for having sent her a part of his wages to relieve her misery, and finished with telling him that God would reward him for his dutiful affection.

The king, after reading it, went back softly into his chamber, took a bag full of ducats, and slipped it with the letter into the page's pocket.

Returning to the chamber he rang the bell so loudly that it awakened the page, who instantly made his appearance. "You have had a sound sleep," said the king.

The page was at a loss how to excuse himself, and, putting his hand into his pocket, to his utter astonishment he there found a purse of ducats. He took it out, turned pale, and, looking at the king, burst into tears without being able to utter a single word.

"What is the matter?"

"Ah, sire," said the young man, throwing himself on his knees, "somebody seeks my ruin; I know nothing of this money which I have just found in my pocket!"

"My young friend," said Frederick, "God often does great things for us even in our sleep; send that to your mother; salute her on my part, and assure her that I will take care of both her and you."

A Scotch Version.

The very common bedtime prayer, "Now I lay me," is strikingly similar in sentiment and expression to the lines taught to children in Scotland:

"This night when I lie down to sleep,
I gie my soul to Christ to keep;
I wake a' noo, I wake a' never,
I gie my soul to Christ for ever."

The Last Question.

A little boy on his death-bed was urging his father to repentance, and fearing he had made no impression, said, "Father, I am going to heaven; what shall I tell Jesus is the reason why you won't love Him?" The father burst into tears; but before he could answer, his dear Sunday-school boy had fallen asleep in Christ.

The Fifth Commandment.

An old school-master said one day to a clergyman, who came to examine his school:

"I believe the children know the catechism word for word." "But do they understand it? That is the question," said the clergyman.

The school-master only bowed respectfully, and the examination began. A little boy had repeated the fifth commandment, "Honour thy father and thy mother," and he was desired to explain it. Instead of trying to do so, the little boy with his face covered with blushes, said almost in a whisper:

"Yesterday I showed some strange gentleman over the mountain. The sharp stones cut my feet, and the gentleman saw they were bleeding, and gave me some money to buy me shoes, I gave it to my mother for she had no shoes either, and I thought I could go barefoot better than she could."

Stop Smoking.

Mr. James Parton, who has been a smoker for thirty years, stopped suddenly, and is all the better for it. He says:

"I have less headache, I enjoy exercise more, and step out much more vigorously. My room is cleaner. I think I am rather better tempered, as well as more cheerful and satisfied. I endure the inevitable ills of life with more fortitude, and look forward more hopefully to the coming years. It did not pay to smoke, but most decidedly it pays to stop smoking."

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